THE OPERA AND THE CRITICS.

LUCCA AND THE CELEBRATED MARGUE-RITES IN "FAUST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD :-

Mme. Lucca's great reputation, acquired in Eurepe, has been fully endorsed by the American lic. Her transcendent genius has made her at nce a general favorite here. The mass of the New York dilettanti and the whole enlightened, straightforward, artistic part of the press have signed the European verdict. If one discordant note in an orchestra makes itself heard on account of the incapacity of the fiddler, or because he has taken into his head to single himself out by his unartistic, uneducated manner, that cannot isturb the harmony and distinguished value of the whole band as a body or of the score as a work of art, no more than a statue could be depreciated because two street boys threw mud on it; that disgraces the low boys and not the work of art. "Mit der Dummhelt Kämpfen Götter selbst vergestone were there not among the numberless admirers one or two dissentient voices throwing their venomous doubt on the greatest enterprise of modern journalism? Did not Herostrat burn the temple of Diana at Ephesus to obtain some notoriety any how, and is it not a matter of daily occurrence that any respectable man may be attacked at night from very unartistic motives? The question simply is whether in a eivilized country the proper authority is not strong enough to take care of and handculf these waylaying gentlemen, who say, of course, that they must live, like that indifferent painter who wished to sell a bad picture to the Duke of Richelieu for 1,000 francs, which the Duke, of course, refused to pay for such mediocre work. "Why," said the painter, "I must live." "I don't see the necesmity," replied the Duke, quietly; and that is all we have to say to the author of such unworthy, utterly indifferent work of criticism. He belongs to that incurable class of gossips of whom Ovid says

It would be barely worth while even to mention such efforts as impotent, as they are outrageous; but the worst of it is that an otherwise very deserving artist is dragged into the row, got up seemingly in her interest, and whether conscious

She has, with certain people, to bear the brunt of the responsibility, and it would not be at all astonbling that the demonstration of the public to avoid going to the Academy whenever that clever artist sings alone would find no other explanation

Lord, save me from my friends, is an o'd adage. Mme. Lucca, who simply by the power of her genius, without intriguing or other efforts than shose legitimate means at the disposal of first-class artists, has taken the New York public by storm at once, and keeping firm hold on them, has certainly made her first and most decided mark as Mar-

querite in Gounod's "Faust." Her success was striking, crushing, the supemornty of her performance was universally admitted; but comparisons, which it was but natural

to expect, were at once established.

Having seen every Marguerite of some note since the opera of Counod has first been brought out in the Theatre Lyrique in Paris, I may perhaps be allowed to say a word or two on the subject. Four Marguerites stand out of the bulk of performers of this part; four Marguerites of different nationali-

When "Paust" was first to be given no one be-Neved in its success so firmly as Carvalho, then director of the Theatre Lyrique, and the nusband of the first French singer then living. Gounded nimself was not absolutely confident, and he told himself was not absolutely confident, and he tool me one day, "Operas are not born like men, braths first, but the feet first. You will see the march in 'Faust,' the waitz, the choruses take the public at first. Will that last long enough to give the whole work time to be appreciated?" Little did Gounod then dream when he sold the copyright of the core in England to Messrs. Chappell, of London, for sixty pounds, of the immense popularity which the work, played at both opera houses at the same time, would acquire, and the fortuse which it would bring.

the work, played at both opera houses at the same time, would acquire, and the fortune which it would bring.

Madame Carvalho is the first great Marguerite to be mentioned—"in jameuse," as tomnod calls her. I remember that at one of the first orchestral rehearsals of "Faust," when Madame Carvalho was at the top of the ladder and Gounod was not yet the celebrated main he is to-day, he took the liberty of making an observation on Madame Carvalho's cold acting when, to his amazement the hot-headed lady took the written part of Marguerite, which she held in her hand, and throwing it at Gennod's feet exclaimed, "La v'là votre sale musique (there, take your diriy misse), and off she went. Nothing cenid stay the ire of the excited goddess, and there was an end on that day of all rehearsing. The haughtiness of singers was always the despair of composers—from Mozart to Meyerbeer, irom Meyerbeer to our days. madame Carvaiho is the first great Marguerite to mentioned—"in Jameuss." as Gonnod calls her. remember that at one of the first orchestral reparads of "Faust," when Madame Carvaiho was at the top of the ladder and Gounod was not yet the lebrated man he is to-day, he took the liberty of aking an observation on Madame Carvaiho's cold aking an observation on Madame Carvaiho's cold in her hand, and throwing it at Geunod's feet colaimed, "La vik votre sale musique (there, ke your dirty music), and off she went. Nothing lead in her hand, and throwing it at Geunod's feet colaimed, "La vik votre sale musique (there, ke your dirty music), and off she went. Nothing lead stay the ire of the excited goddess, and there as an end on that day of all rehearsing. The aughtiness of singers was always the despair of maposers—from Mozart to Meyerbeer, from Meyber to our days.

However, Madame Carvaiho took the part of Marartic up with all the power of her admirable to do without Europe as Europe is able to de without Europe as Europe is

Immoral of the two—we sincer from motives of a young, boling hearts, or the sincer from motives of inxury and dress?

Lucca is the fourth Marguerite—I need not say it—who played this most difficult part in public, and as a singer and as an actress brought it up to the highest standard which ever it attained among all the Marguerites known. It may well be said of her, as of Talma, she keeps her public spelibound; all the eyes fixed on every one of her movements. From the saucy innocence in the second act to the loving tenderness in the third, the thrilling and unequalled despair in the fourth act, up to the crowning triumph of her majestic singing in the prison, she has no rival. Mine, Lucca goes in the expression of her inspired feelings sometimes to the utmost limit of dramatic effect. One step further, indeed, and she would touch the ridiculous; but that harisharp limit she never eversteps, and she remains sublime.

Her wonderful voice, which extended from /to Pin alt—three great, full, even octaves—has, by Meyerbeer's advice, been concentrated to two octaves and a half, and it has gained in richnees, in organ-like fulness, what has been sacrificed in extent.

She has shown what she can do as a singer and

tent.

She has shown what she can do as a singer and as an actress, and her immediate reward was the most rapidly increasing popularity with the New York public in such parts which require the greatest dramatic earnestness, like "Africaine," "Marguerite," "Favorica," as well as in those graceful exhibitions of her buoyant coquetry—"Cherubin," Zerikas in "Fra Diayolo" and "Don Giovanni," Her so long-continued success in Berlin, where she was for the in "Fra Diavolo" and "Don Glovanni." Her so long continued success in Berlin, where she was for ten consecutive years the idol of the people, shows that even the "Nemo propheta in patria" could not touch her, and the most inexorable of arguments—figures—showing that the public crams the house whenever Lucca plays, to the exception of all other performances, is the most evident proof that the mightiest diletiants of this city have adopted her as the "favorite," thereby confirming what cannot be doubted, that Lucca certainly is the greatest singer and actress combined in one person that ever came to these shores. the greatest singer and actress comb person that ever came to these shores. MUSICUS.

A TRUTH SPOKEN HERE ABOUT MUSIC?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:-In the HERALD's editorial comments upon the epidemic of operatic criticism which broke out with great virulence in its columns on Sunday last, the attack of "Free Lance" was spoken of as "angry." Now, my dear sir, permit me, as one who heartily sympathizes with his opinious, to thank you for giving them publicity, and to thank him for writing in the interests, solely, of art. He evidently had no axes to grind, cared no more for one artist than for another; in fact, held the dogma that personality has nothing whatever to do with merit. Work well done is well done; work badly done is badly done; and there's an end on't. Friendship has no right to enter into the domain of criticism, and until American critics turn a deaf ear to its appeals and conduct their business on the sound basis of incorruptible integrity artists will resort to ignoble means for the furthering of ambition, art will be demoralized and the uneducated people led hither and thither by designing "will o' the wisps." I confess that I love humanity too well and hate humbug too cordially to tranquilly assist at so aggravating a spectacle. Hence—
This is the curse. Write.

First, then, let me ask, in all good nature, why a critic should be branded as "angry" when he dares to censure? True criticism means appreciation. To appreciate means to estimate justly. What just estimation of art is there when good, bad and indifferent receive equal attention-when praise and blame are administered indiscrimi-To unveil the imperfections of a temporary popular idol is no pleasant task; but the critic should love truth "better than Plato and Plato's country, better than Dante and Dante's country, better than Shakspeare and Shakspeare's country;" better, I will add, than Hawthorne and Hawthorne's country. What is truth? Unfortunately art is not as exact a science as mathematics, or none but experts would touch it; but it has its laws, its rules, its schools, which cannot be violated with impunity, and which it is the critic's duty to uphold. If he does not know more than the general public, why does he give an omnion? His judgment should be as sound in his sphere as that of the lawyer to whom we go for legal advice. For myself. I do not pretend to represent a majority of the public, but being a disinterested musician, paying for every seat I occupy, and annious to see New York as great sethetically as it is commercially, I do pretend to represent the verdict of educated artists, professional and amateur, who are not in league with

week flam to the excised genders, and there is a superior of the state of the state

through all the music spat is not cut out, and M. of it smiling and apparently pleased, but no sooner Jamet makes a conscientions if not a brilliant is he out of my bouse than he declares to the world the accompaniment, been out of tune. St.
If you'd art be satisfactory, it is at least fort to know that with it is impossible to teep violes in time? it art be satismotory, it is at least a com-now that with Rubimstein, Wieniawski and orohesten we calmet sterve instrument

Thomas' or chestra we cannot marke instrumentally. The advent of the first marks an era in planeforte music, and that of the second is scarcely less
potent for seed, showing, as it does, the discrence
between an honest, masterly treatment of the
violin and the mawkish sentimentality with which
ole Bull has familiarized the public. To hear Rubinstein is a revelation. Coming upon the platform in a frank, business manner, as though he between an honest, masterly treatment of the violin and the mawhish sentimentality with which Ole Bull has familiarized the public. To hear Rubinstein is a revelation. Coming upon the platform in a trank, business maner, as though he had work to perform and intended to give neopie the worth of their money, he makes an aimost Oriental salaam, his square-cat hair falling over his eyes as the ears of a King Charles spaniel fall, and then giving his shaggy Indian head a shake, he quietly surprises us into enthusiasm. There is no kid glove dilettanteism about it. We are in the presence of a master and feel his power the moment his fingers touch the keys, or perhaps I ought to say the moment the Reys touch his fingers, for Fubinstein seems to attract them toward bim as a magnet attracts steel filings. His citor to shake eif the keys produces the music we listen to with delight. Though this be faney, yet to create such an effect is fact-enough; that he does create it is absolutely true. Force one expects. It is in deliente passages that Rubinstein most actonishes. His touch is velver; the very heart of his inatument beats beneath his fingers, and the listener is as much moved as at the sight of a strong man soctened by a noble passion. His accompaniment in concerted music, without obtruding, is so sympathetle as to rival the melody. Assuredly Rubinstein is as great as his laune, and he is worthily supported by Werniawski, whose tone and execution are fine; but why, why, why does Mr. Grau, after giving us food for the gods. Insist upon putting before us unpalatable dishes? In other words, why, after Rubinstein and Wienlawski, must our ears endure such singing as is more honored in the breach than in the observance? In vain does the programme of advertising what Mr. Grau can never delude anybody into iking. One good vocalist is worth two that are bad, and the enterprising manager who brought Ristori to America ought to realize this quite as forcibly as an audience that pays \$22 a licket. Rubinstein and Wienlawski, copie

DIFFICULTIES AND IMPOSSIBILITIES IN OPERATIC MANAGEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:-

The letter you did me the honor to insert on Sunday last was not an appeal ad misericordiam, neither did it contain one word about the shareholders of the Academy of Music, as an editorial of the same date assumes. It was simply a plain statement of inexorable facts and opinions derived from long experience in operatic matters; and if any portion of it really struck the writer of the said editorial as being "pathetic," I can only pray for his speedy recovery from a dangerous state o morbid sensibility.

In my last letter I declared the excellence of ensemble which distinguished the Anglo-Italian operatic stage to be unattainable in New York under existing circumstances, and, this being the case, I ask why an operatic manager who adopts the star system which prevails in nearly every d amatic theatre in America should be abused for not having an Astral company while all his dramatic confreres are excused?

We have all heard of the "naughty boy who cried for the moon," but some of our critical Endymions want not only moon but "each bright particular star"-all the planets, with their satellites, the twelve constellations, the milky way, the entire musical firmament-in short, "fretted with golden fires"-perhaps even a "young comet with its playful tail" thrown into the bargain—and all for the small charge of \$4 currency, or "delenda est

that my soup was too weak, the enickens overdone, the sance bad, the wine execusion? "Swhan too the like it is a serited?"

But dead it hat is a critical? Buch senseless attacks as I have alluded to may possibly not do all the mischer intended, but the possibly not do all the mischer intended, but the print of the prompts these ought not to inform a great journal.

Prom articles which are despleable in motive and caree in expression it is pleasant to turn to an ably written, discriminating and gentlemanly motice winch graces the columns of the Heratho October 15, apropos of the first performance of "Il Troystore." The writer can be severe when he thinks ft, but he strikes with a kid glove, not with a knuckle-duster. The Partiter in re and smaller in modo are equally observed, and the force of his reproves is increased by the decency of its manifestation, while praise is freely bestowed, though not laid on with the reckless brush of a white-wisher. Such articles inspire respect although we may differ from their data in certain points, and certainly to deal with the ginorance and hostility of processional writers; there are amateur critica arrayed against him who are, if nosable, worse.

Br. Johnson, the severest as he was the greatest of entities, was still modeat enough to say, "That which has pleased long and pleased many must have some merit" (I quote from memory), and, consequently, the individual who unreservedly condemns what may be termed a universally admired work or artistic creation rereders himself more remarkable for audacity than for any other quality that I can call to mind at this moment.

There is, doubtless, some hing inexpressibly gratifying to shall personal vanity in the idea of opposing received opinions. There are isomochasted the wind of their senses. But a Mephistopheles whether set, some soldier of other misdeeds, and did not seek to hide thouselves behind the annoymous, hike Madame Pauline Lucca's detractor whose abusive letter, signed writes and the distroyers in manifestion of his wor

un desir inquictet-vaque est le fond de son caractère. Il s'elance à la puberie, mais sans projets sans connaissan-ses, et tout enter à chaque écon ment; en fin il est ce que toute mère au fond de cour vou crait peut être que fat son fils quoiqué elle dut beaucoup en soufrir. Leaving "Free Lance" to ponder over the expression "charmant polisson," which I will not oftend "cars polite" by translating literally. It may be stated that Mme. Panline Lucca's version of the part gives a humorous and fanciai interpretation of the original author's flea without once overstepping the counds of womanly deflecey. That the spoiled boy should be lively and animated decore all and not exilloir, as most cherubrios do, a sexty all and not exhibit, as most Cherubinos do, a slexiy sentimenta ity is beyond dispute. Neither can it be questioned that one en and calc may be more impulsive and boisterously demonstrative than unother Within the limits of a generally just conception some room must always be sat for the play of fancy and exhibition of refamility. Idely "Free Lance' to prove that Mime. Pauline Lacea's Cherubino is to prove that Aime. Pauline Lacca's Chemiono is untrainful to nature, or that her point of view is a wrong one. I cely him to show way the petted page should not be somewhat beisterous in manner, or why the boy, who joins hearthy in the lun of the piece—much of which he creates himself—should not be humorous. As to "ree Lance s" mane assertions that Mine. Lucca is a brutally bad singer for this he sats, in realth, they will, of course, he assertions that Mme. Lucca is a brutally bad singer for this he sa s, in reality), they will, of course, be taken for what they are worth by hes New York public, who idolize her, and will know how to appreciate such coarse insults not only to the relighing layorite of the day but to their own taste and Juligment. Having spoken in a previous letter of the difficulties of operatic management all over Europe, I will now add a few words with respect to the peculiar touldes which environ operatic enterprise in New York, and show that even with the so-called high prices (which after all are lower than those of Europe) the chances of gain acarcely exceed those enjoyed by dramatic managers whose risks are caupa ratively small. Leaving government or municipal aids in the snape of subventions out of the question, I say that no manager can meet the claims proferred by certain public writers here without inevitable loss. Because—

First—The cost of artists is at least double what it is in Europe.

meet the claims presented to see the claims presented to see without inevitable loss.

First—The cost of artists is at least double it is in Europe.

Second—it a troupe of first class performers could be procurded the public would not attend if the pet prima donna were absent, so deeply has the star system taken root in America; the most restar system taken root restar root restar root restar root restar root restar root

Rivist.—The cost of artists is at least double what it is in Europe.

Second—It a troupe of first class performers could be procureded the public would not attend if the pet prima donna were absent, so deeply has the star system taken root in America; the most recent proof of which appears in the deplorable fact that when Mme. Lucca has not song this season the receipts have greatly decreased, despite the undonbted ability of Miss clara fomise Keilogg.

Third—The obstacles to bocometion, especially in bad weather, owing to the preposterously exorbitant prices demanded by the drivers of public vehicles, which increase the expenses of a visit to the opera to such an extent as might scare even a wealthy prier familias.

Fourth—The necessity of a frequent change of opera, the brevity of the scasons rendering it impossible to "run" any one work for several nights, as it might be "run" in Europe, and as dramatic productions are continued here even over a period of many menths. "The Black Crook," for instance, was constantly played for nearly two years at Nitho's Garden! Whoever heard of even the most attractive opera being given more than a few times in a scason?

Fifth—the difficulty of dealing with orchestral performers, who, being protected by a powerful society, can make their own prices, send substitutes whenever they choose, and who by united action might at any moment leave the opera house without a band and thus close the theatire. It, as you state, New York requires a better operations in this city. At a theatre of the very list class, I mean any moment leaves the opera house without a band and thus close the theatire. It, as you state, New York requires a better operations in this city. At a theatre of the very list class, I man Booth's, the nightly expenses are at this moment about eight hundred dolars, not including the "stars," Mr. and Mrs. Boacicandt. At the Academy the average expenses oper representation is upwards of twenty-vive landred of are, without the "star;" the management thus risking at least

PERILS OF RAILROAD TRAVELLING. Fiendish Attempt to Wreck Passenger

Trains in Westchester County.
Within the past lew weeks several attempts have been made to throw passenger trains off the track on the Harlem Railroad in the vicinity of Morrisania, Westchester county, by placing ob structions on the rails. The latest of these diapolical efforts was perpetrated last Friday night, when three heavy cross-ties were deposited on the track near Williamsbridge. This internal barricade was encountered by the Boston express, which left New York at nine o'clock P. M., and while traveling at a speed of nearly forty miles per hour. Fortunately, however, the parties who endeavored to ling at a speed of nearly forty miles per hour. For unately, however, the parties who endeavored to precipitate an appalling catastropie failed to fix the ties securely, and the obstruction gave way before the flying locomotive, which knocked two of the timbers into splinters and carried the third on the rail, underneath the cowcatcher, a distance of several hundred yards. No motive can be assigned for the dastardly outrages indicated. The Harlem Railroad Company has offered a reward of \$1,000 for the detection of the guity parties, in addition to placing detectives on the road whose duties are to watch the snspected localities day and night. It is said that the perpetrators, if caught, will not have to undergo the formality of a trial.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

"REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN IN ALABAMA FOR THERTY YEARS," by William Garrett, late Secretary of State, is the title of a large octavo volume of over eight hundred pages, just published at the "Plantation Publishing Company's Press," at Atanta. The book is extremely discursive in style and preponderantly political in substance. As it deals with the personal history of nearly all Alabama's public men and is accompanied by a good index it will be valuable for references.

MAURICE SAND, the son of the great French

A GREAT INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL is about to be established by the ultramontanes of Switzerland. it is said that it will be under the direction of M. Mermillod and will bear the name of the Courrier

A GENEVA PAPER says that Dr. Merie d'Aubigné has left two volumes, almost completed, on the Reformation, in which the history is carried down

to the death of Luther. COLONEL J. W. DE FORREST'S new serial is to be

called "The Wetherel Affair."

This is the Dirry the Alsatians are said to sing

when no Prussian is near by:—
Tra Tuteché pitive nit lang pi uns,
Nit lang!
Vor dam khauvegesindel ischt uns
Gar nit bang!
Nit bang! nit bang! nit bang! And the free translation is: -

The Tentons shall not stay here long,
Not they!
Just wait until we French are strong.
We'll clear 'em out where they belong!
The bullies 'll be glad to cut and run,
When we again take up the gun,
Some day,
Not far away!

MRS. ROSE CHURCH, Captain Marryat's daughter, is obliged to make a mournful apology for the meagreness of her narrative, which she explains as being caused by the scantiness of her materials. 'His contemporaries are either dead or scattered, she says; "his correspondence (which was volume nous and well worth preserving) is mostly lost or destroyed, and the account of his public services, with a few private letters and vague remembrances, are all the materials I have bad." Tals is to be regretted, because certain traditions about the Captain's relations to Mr. N. P. Willis and to another English naval novelist of that generation led us to the hope of some piquaut anecdotes.

THE LAST NUMBER of the Athenaum, in a highly favorable review of an American book which ought to be better known, Baldwin's "Ancient America," says that the author has given the best comprehensive view of the archicology of our country that exists.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK'S last book, 'The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," is not a novel, but a picture of travel through some of the English counties, taken by a party of four persons in a The striking features of the landscape, the bits of scenery entivened by lovely girls, are cha mingly described, though there is a plentiful lack of incident, and the town life delineated wants sprightliness.

blunder of the New York correspondent of the Messager de Paris, makes a still tunnier one. The correspondent, it seems, criticised M. Laboulaye's ignorance of American politics as displayed in his writings on our constitution, and then proceeded to illustrate his own intelligence by the statement :- "Previous to 1825 the choice of President was made by the Senate and House of Representatives in convention." This the Nation airily sets right as follows:-

M. Laboulaye will doubtless not have to look into the United States constitution to inform his critic that Congress never elected any President and that John Quincy Adams was the only one whom, from failure of the people to make a choice, the House of Representatives had an opportunity to elect, and did so elect.

The learned editor of the Nation has, of course forgotten (it would be uncharitable to suppose that be never knew) about Mr. Jefferson's election by the House in 1801.

HERE IS WHAT THE Saturday Review Hunks of Mr. Froude's sayings and doings in America :-

Froude's sayings and doings in America:

Mr. Froude is going to make an appeal to a popular tribunal, and the things that are likely to tell with such a tribunal against England in a survey of thish history are paintully strong. When a fair-minded Englishman has once explained to a fair-minded American that we keep freland under the same government with England for precisely the same reasons which made the northern States coerce the Southern States into reunion, and that there is no grievance which the frish now have of a kind that will bear serious discussion, as much has ocen done, probably, to put American opinion straight as can be.

Juny 18 Apour to produce a book of comicalities.

JUDY IS ABOUT to produce a book of comicalities, five hundred humorous pictures, with descriptive letter press, selected from her earlier volumes.

THE MISSOURI MISHAP.

The Cause of the Fire-What a Pantryman Knows About the Lockers and What Was in Them.

The investigation into the burning of the Atjantic Mail line's steamer Missouri was continued yesterday morning at the office of the inspectors of Steamers, No. 23 Pine street.

The first witness examined was Louis Bohme, a

pantryman on the Missouri. His evidence was substantially the same as that of Patrick McGovern. who gave his testimony before the inspectors on Friday, and which was paonished in yesterday's HERALD. He repeated the story of
THE LAUNCHING OF THE LUCKY BOAT,
of the swamping of the boat with the nine men in

it and of being picked up by the schooner Spy, &c. In speaking of the fire he said that it originated in one of the lockers of the pantry, which ran fore and all athwart ships; at the forward end of the pantry was a store room, and forward of the store room was the bulkhead; a little abalt the pantry room was the engine room: the lockers extended across the aft end of the pantry, and in one of these—the port locker, in which we kept the dishes, &c.—the fire was first discovered; there were no matches to my knowledge stored in the locker; I noticed that

matches to my knowledge stored in the locker; I noticed that
THE LOCKER WAS ON FIRE FIRST;
and I knew it was a demijorn of aguadiente that was curning; this demijorn of aguadiente that was curning; this demijorn must have been broken by the tolding of the ship; in about fifteen minutes after the fire was discovered; the engines were stopped and an order to launch the boats was given; all hands obeyed promptly, for the discipline on board was very perfect;

THE OFFICERS WERE VERY COOL,
and all endeavored to do all they could to get the boats launched safely; when I got into the boat that was saved there were some passengers in her, together with William Jones and Samuel Cone, seamen on the ship; I got in by going down the painter by which she was attached to the ship; the crew were not stationed at the quarters during the voyage; I think it was impossible to embark so many women and children as we had on board, for there was no means of saving them unless they jumped overboard; and they were afraid to do that, and consequently perished in the flames;

THE PLAMES STREAD
with great rapidity for twenty-five minutes; after the fire broke out in the locker the flames had broken through the hurricane deck; we used the liquid in the demijohns of four or five guilons, which were not fastened in any way,

was kept in demijohns of four or five gallons, which were not fastened in any way, and so when the ship lurched they fell around and, in my opinion, broke; one of the waiters discovered the fire on opening the locker to get out some dishes; there may have been matches in the locker, but I do not know of any having been kept there; all

some clisies; there may have been matches in the locker, but I do not know of any having been kept there; all

THE OFFICERS OF THE SHIP

Were lost with her.

William Jones, one of the seamen who was saved, was next called. He deposed as follows:—We left New York on the 1sth of October; at twenty minutes to nine on the morning of the 22d I was on the fore-top yard and heard the cry of fire; I hurried down to the deck on the starboard side, and when I got there the fire was coming through

THE GRATING OF THE FIERROOM on the main deck; there was one stream of water playing on the fire and that was from a hand pump; I heard the Captain give orders to get the boats over; I went to the hurricane deck and got one of the boats over; next I went to the starboard side and got the starboard aft boat out, but when she was gotten down there were

NO OARS

Or anything else in her; I got three oars out of another boat and put them in her; this was the boat that was saved; when we got away from the ship we saw a boat with two men on her keel; we tried to save them, but the sea was too high, and we lost sight of them.

The rest of Jones' story is the same of that given by McGovern.

Inspector Matthews says that witnesses will be examined who will show that the engine was on the same deck as the pantry, and also that there are many ships that are built in that way, and that these ships leave. New York.

The investigation will be continued at ten o'clock on Mondas.

ART MATTERS.

The Derby-Evrard Collection Academy of Design.

One of the largest and best selected collection of paintings ever brought together in America is at present on exhibition at the Academy of Design. It is a perfect treat to enter that curiously composed structure and find the walls absolutely laden down with pictures which we can look upon with pleasure and satisfaction. There is, of course, great inequality of merit; but in a collection numbering some four hundred works this is unavoidable. On the other hand, not alone is THE AVERAGE MERIT

far above what we ordinarily see in American exhibitions, but it would be considered very high in any of the capitals of Europe. This fact is very creditable to the enterprise of Messrs. Derby and Evrard, and displays a confidence in the growing taste of America for art, which we hope will be instifled by the event. It is not necessary to say anything to the American public about Mr. Derby. who is well known in art circles, but Mr. Evrard comes among us for the first time, and it is of importance that the public should know with thom they are dealing. Mr. Evrard of the most extensive picture dealers in Europe, his operations extending over the Continent. It is almost needless to add that every picture in the collection is genuine—that is to say, is the work of the artist from whose easel it purports to come. Unfortunately this is not always the case. In the past art purchasers have been sadly victimized by dishonest dealers; but, though the evil exists to some extent still, it has been considerably lessened by the influence of the prominent art dealers of the city. Indeed, this evil in a measure brought its own cure, by throwing the whole picture trade of the city into the hands of a few respectable firms. where the people felt they could buy with safety.

There is in this collection an admirable representation of the chief European schools. France. Haly, Germany and Belgium have contributed

PROMINENT LIVING ARTISTS.

and some few by artists who have already passed away. For the chief part the works are of the most modern class. Indeed, we might almost say they

modern class. Indeed, we might almost say they are fresh from the studio. It is rather supprising when we stop before some of the most important works to learn that it agared in the salon of one of the European capitals, and won honor and distinction rom all competitors. It is a strong-proof of what we have been asserting, that New York will in the not far distant future become the European Capitals, and the New York will in the not far distant future become the European Capital of the New York will in the not far distant future become the California of the Capital Order of the California of the Cal

has ever been brought together on the Americas

Continent.

in the south room Muchot's "Staircase of the Doge of Venice" forms one of the principal attrac-In the south room Muchot's "Staircase of the Doge of Venice" forms one of the principal attractions. It represents a procession in the sixteenth century descending the staircase of the Doge, and so striking is the musion that, as we gaze, the flures seem absolutely to move and detach themselves from the canvas, so excellently have the atmospheric effects been rendered. The picturesque costumes of the period afford the fullest scope to

turesque costumes of the period afford the fullest scope to

THE COLOR TREATMENT

of the artist, and he has availed lineself of it to fullest extent. The canvas absolutely glows nader the wealth of color, and we are unconsciously recalled to the giories of the Venetian school of color in contemplating this picture of Venetian life. We have, as it were, the key note to the success of the school of Venousse. The conditions of the which surrounded the Venetian painter were gorgeous and full of color; hence he only transferred to ble easily the objects that lay everywhere about him in their ordinary early, without any need of straining his invention. It is something to not all artists whose skill in the treatment of color particles in no small degree of the buildings and defence of

the world has ever known. Admirable he composition, the grouping has been managed with such subtley that a sense of motion pervades the picture which is strikingly natural. The chief trumph, however, has been won in the harmonious diending of the brilliant color, so as to produce periect harmony. This has been accomplished with rare skill.

is one of the noblest dramatic is one of the noblest dramatic compositions of the modern schools. It is from the easel or P. A. Cot, who is well known in this country by his poetical studies of female heads and some more pretendors works. "Indocence and Mistortune" is the most important work that Cot has ever painted. It was exhibited in last year's salon in Paris, and obtained the medicille. The subject is a fouching one and was meant as an allusion to the sorrows that tell so thickly on France during the hast disastrous years. It represents a whole with her two young children at the grave of her husband. The widow is standing behind a small cross, with her minut son in her arms, while a little girl of more advanced years is in the act of lighting a learn. in the act of lighting a lamp attached to the cre

arms, while a little girl of more advanced years is in the act of lighting a lump attached to the cross. The figure of the woman is

Tell, or arange is the constant of the cross. The figure of the woman is

Tell, or arange is the constant of the cross and quiet, dignified sofrow. The expression of the face is unspeakably sad, but there is something noble in her expression of surrow. She is in the act of placing a wreath of flowers on the cross, and the feeting of womanly sorrow which the artist has drawn contrasts with melancholy force with the innocent, happy expression of the infant reposing on his mother's breast, unconscious of the sad duty his seniors are performing. The story is told with great dramatic power, and the composition is remarkable for its

FINITY AND GRACE,

as well as granded and force. It is a noble picture, and would be sufficient to redeen the French school from the charge of frivolity, which is too often brought against it without suncient cause.

"HAPPINESS,"

is the title of a charming cabinet work by the great arries, Louis Galidi. It is full of sweetness and grace. This is a very unusual characteristic of

is the title of a charming cabinet work by the great artist, Lonis Gallalt. It is intl of sweetness and grace. This is a very unusual characteristic of Gallait's works, for he seems to prefer to look on the sadder phases of immen life, and evea to dwell with semething like adection on its most repulsive aspects. It is, therefore, a relief to see him devote his incommitted powers as a draughtsman and colorist to the delineation of subjects we can regard with pleasure. Adolphe Dillens, the Selgman artist, who is so fond of painting Dutch scenes, is recessively a very large and important picture. The subject is a skating scene, and as the artist excels in the nanting of ice he has had full opportunity to display his peculiar talent to the best advantage. There is an air of anturalness about the group in the foreground, where a man is metening on a woman's skates and also in the figures which are moving about on the ice. The principal interest will, however, be concentrated on the figures in the feeboat seen in the background, as they are the portraits of the artist and his friend Schampfler, a prother painter. The transparence of the ice has been about the respectively as they are the portraits of the artist and his friend Schampfler, a prother painter. The transparence of the ice has been also in the season of the lee surface. In this room are works by Meissonier, withelms, Rughes, Merie, Casanava, Batalowicz, Von Schendel, Schneiels, Stevens, Tademas and a using American artist, R. Wylie.

THE COLCHICUM POISONING CASE.

Corong Schirmer's Investigation-A Citis zen Consured for Playing the Doctor.

Yesterday morning Coroner Schirmer held an inquest at the City Hall in the case of Mrs. Catharine G. Boden, late of 27 Orchard street, who died from the effects of an overdose of decoction of colchicum seeds, which had been prescribed as A CURE FOR RESEUMATISM

by one Bray, a distant relative of Mrs. Boden. Her husband procured and prepared the medicine as directed, and gave his wife two ounces on two different occasions, it making her sick each time. The last dose created such intense inflammation of the stomach that death resulted. The medicine, when sold, was properly labelled and the messen-ger cautioned about its use, although the prescrip-tion did not come under the head of active poisons, the sale of which is prohibited by law.

The testimony being all in Coroner Schirmer submitted the case to the jury, who rendered the following

following

VERDICT.

"That Catharine G. Boden came to her death on the 13th day of November, 1872, from indammation of the stomach, caused by taking an overdose of the decection of colchicum seeds, and we severely censure — Bray for recommending the deceased to take sald mixture, not understanding the danger attending it." ger attending it."
Search has since been made for Mr. Bray, but he cannot as yet be found, and nothing seems to be known concerning him.

PROBABLY FATAL KICKING.

On Thursday last Henry McGinness became engaged in an altercation with Mrs. Ann Muliner, of 193 First avenue, during which he kicked her several times in the abdomen, indicting severe and probably dangerous internal infaries. McGinness was arrested yesterday by an officer of the Seventeenth precinct and taken to Essex Market Police Court, where he was committed for trial.